

Sining to the Sun (Smiling back at Death)

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There I lay, inside the cast iron womb that was my bunker. Everywhere around me, there was nothing but noise. The screech of armor being torn apart, was rivaled only by the snapping of bones and rending of flesh beneath it. The acrid smoke left little visible, obscuring the line of siege tanks behind me. The siege tanks stopped resembling vehicles after the second time I Stim-packed as I made my way to this bunker. Now, they were the pipes in a demon-possessed organ. As their thundering bellows joined wave upon wave of shrieks, a Symphony was created. One that we could march to, as we made our ways into the heart of darkness, and ultimately, the fires of Hell. The only noise that didn't belong, the only one that failed to find its place, was the dull roar of our bunker's emergency klaxons. The outer hull was breached. Within moments, the steel egg that was our refuge was mercilessly hacked apart. I turned, preparing to face my enemy.

How I despise the Protoss, with their burning eyes, and their blue, rage-fueled blades. As I pull the trigger that rains down death on my foe, I see the blazing yellow shape crumple two of my comrades as though they were tin cans. Only after maiming a third, does the yellow demon wither and die. I'm alone nowâ€|Out of the corner of my eye, I detect movement. It's three SCVs and four marines. With a speed that is startling, the bunker was repaired, and the marines were inside. The bodies of the fallen are still there. The red gore that was slowly leaking from their suits, joined the black, evil-smelling mud beneath my feet. Feeling more like an armor-plated corpse than a marine, I turn and walk away. As I entered the field, I could sense the cold stare of the men in the bunkers behind me. I didn't care anymore. I don't think I ever didâ€|

A lone Protoss scout was making its way towards me. Strange, the Protoss usually withheld air supportâ€¦At least until they had crushed the orbiting fleet. I stood there, stock-still, ready to fire for all the good it would have done me. Much to my dismay, instead of attacking, the Scout exploded in a puff of blue vapor. Hallucinationâ€¦that meant High Templar. My realization came too late as I felt a singing bolt of energy envelop my frame.

My Godâ€¦I was still aliveâ€¦Nothing but pain. And there, standing before me, was the High Templar, preparing to end my suffering. As I looked up into the night sky, I saw a Battlecruiser engaging three Carriers. Badly damaged, and with no hope of escape, it did not take long for the ship to start coming apart. As it was dragged down by the planet's gravity, to burn up in the atmosphere like a piece of trash thrown in a campfire, it fired its Yamamoto cannon, vaporizing one of its attackers. The two remaining ships began maneuvering wildly, not wishing to share in their vanquished comrade's fate. I started laughing. My God, here we were, things of meat and bone, the only true children of this reality or the next, fighting against beings created by the elder gods in their folly. They didn't belong here! We did! They were nothing but a glorified catastrophe, the failed experiment of a race that forgot to clean up after itself. Nature didn't like this, we were the only ones that got where we were on our ownâ€¦But one day, in a day very far away, we will charge up those distant hills, and burn their castles in the sky to the ground. I was laughing so hard, I didn't notice that my heart had stopped beating a little over five minutes ago. The High Templar is towering over me nowâ€¦and as he's looking into my eyes, he sees what I can only imagine. Looking into my eyes, he sees the future staring back at himâ€¦And as I look into his, I can see his fear.

THE END

Alright readers, tell me what you think.

End
file.